Doll I cannot ſpeake, if my hart be not ready to burſt: wel ſweete Iacke, haue a care of thy ſelfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Hoſt. Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee theſe twentie nine yeeres, come peaſe-cod time, but an honeſter, and truer hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

Bard. Miſtris Tere-ſheete.

Hoſt. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid miſtris Tere-ſheete come to my maiſter.

Hoſt. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, ſhee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll? *exeunt*

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, and Iuſtice Silens.

Sha. Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand ſir, giue me your hand ſir, an early ſtirrer, by the Roode: and how doth my good cooſin Silence?

Si. Good morrow good cooſine Shallow.

Sha. And how doth my cooſin your bedfellow? and your faireſt daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Si. Alas, a blacke wooſel, cooſin Shallow.

Sha. By yea, and no, ſir, I dare ſay my cooſin William is become a good ſcholler, he is at Oxford ſtil, is he not?

Si. Indeede ſir to my coſt.

Sha. A muſt then to the Innes a court ſhortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad Shallow yet.

Si. You were calld Luſty Shallow then, cooſin.

Sha. By the maſſe I was calld any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and little Iohn Doyt of Staffordſhire, and blacke George Barnes, and Francis Pickebone, and Will Squele a Cotſole man, you had not foure ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the Innes a court againe, and I may ſay to you, wee knewe where the bona robes were, and had the beſt of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falſtaffe, now ſir Iohn, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Si. This ſir Iohn, cooſin, that comes hither anone about ſouldi-

ſouldiers?

Sha. The ſame ſir Iohn, the Skoggins head at the Court gate thus high: and the very ſame day Stockefiſh a Fruiterer behinde mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and acquaintance are dead.

Si. We ſhal all follow, cooſin.

Sha. Certaine, tis certaine, ver Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certaine to all, all of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Si. By my troth I was not ther

Sha. Death is certaine; Is old ing yet?

Si. Dead ſir.

Sha. Ieſu, Ieſu, dead! a drew a a fine ſhoote: Iohn a Gaunt loue money on his head. Dead? a wo twelue ſcore, and carried you a fo foureteene and a halfe, that it wou good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewe

Si. Thereafter as they bee, a worth ten pounds.

Sha. And is olde Dooble dead

Si. Here come two of ſir Iohn

Enter Bardolfe, an

Good morrow honeſt gentlem

Bardolfe I beſeech you, which

Sha: I am Robart Shallowe, ſ Countie, and one of the Kings iu your good pleaſure with me?

Bard: My Captaine, ſir, comm tain ſir Iohn Falſtaffe, a tall gentle gallant Leader.

Sha: He greetes me wel, ſir, I kn man: how doth the good Knight?

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